THE
Four contented Cuckolds.

YOU Farmers and 'Squires of renown,
Come liften awhile to my ditty,
The jeſt it has lately been done,
And happened near fair London city,
The farmer had a handſome wife,
Such a beauty was none in the city,
He lov'd her as dear as his life,
For ſhe was wonderful pretty.
This farmer to market was gone,
With corn, for he wanted money,
This noble 'Squire to his houſe came,
For he was in want of a c—y,
He ſaid to the farmer's fair wife,
My Jewel I'll do thee no harm,
This night thy husband is from thee,
So let me enjoy thy ſweet charms.
She ſaid, Noble 'Squire forbear,
My huſband will be home to-morrow,
And if he this ſtory ſhould hear,
It will cauſe us both great grief and ſorrow.
He ſaid, My ſweet creature, conſent,
Here's fifty broad guineas ſo bright,
Thy huſband ſhall pay me no rent,
So let me enjoy thee to-night.
The ſight of the gold tic'd the dame,
And ſhe pleas'd the young 'ſquire to the life,
He often came to her again,
Careſt her, and left his own wife,
The farmer did hear by the by-the-by,
How that he was horn'd by the 'ſquire,
But to keep the matter quite ſly,
Till he all the truth could enquire.
One day the young farmer went out,
On a journey as he had pretended,
Propoſed this thing to find out,
Whereby he was ſo much offended.
In the dark of evening returns,
According to his reſolution,
He hides himſelf in his own room,
Where of him they had no ſuſpicion.
The farmer's wife went to-bed,
Soon after the 'ſquire came to her,
The farmer behind the bed laid,
And he laid there as ſtill as a mouſe, Sir.
The bed it did ſhiver and ſhake,
When they their old game had begun, Sir,
But nothing the young farmer ſaid,
So now comes the beſt of the fun,
He lay till they were aſleep,
Then he left them to take their repoſe,
Then out of the room ſoftly creeps,
And ſlips on the 'ſquire's lac'd cloaths,
And to the 'ſquire's houſe he did come,
Where the door for the 'ſquire ſtood ready,
And boldly he enter'd the room,
And to-bed he went with the fair lady,
He with the 'ſquire rubbers did play,
And he ſlept in her arms until morning,
But when ſhe awoke and could ſee,
Moſt bitterly ſhe fell a mourning.
He unto the lady made known,
The whole from beginning to ending,
The lady ſhe laugh'd at the fun,
Says ſhe, We muſt borrow and lend.
The lady and farmer aroſe,
I'll ſee out this frolic, ſhe ſaid,
And to the farmer's houſe they did go,
Where he with his love was in bed.
They at one another did ſtare,
Not a word they ſpeak for an hour,
At length the fair lady did ſay,
I think we are cuckolds all four,
The farmer and 'ſquire did agree,
Without any wrangling or ſtrife,
They with one another make free,
And each drank to his beautiful wife.
So the farmer he liveth content free,
And ſo often thraſhes his corn,
But ſtill they do bravely agree,
For they're both wearing out one ſet of horns.